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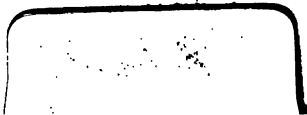
POEMS



PERCY TUNNICLIFF COWLEY



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POEMS

BY

PERCY TUNNICLIFF COWLEY.

A good writer
Does not write as people write;
But as *he* writes. *Montesquieu.*

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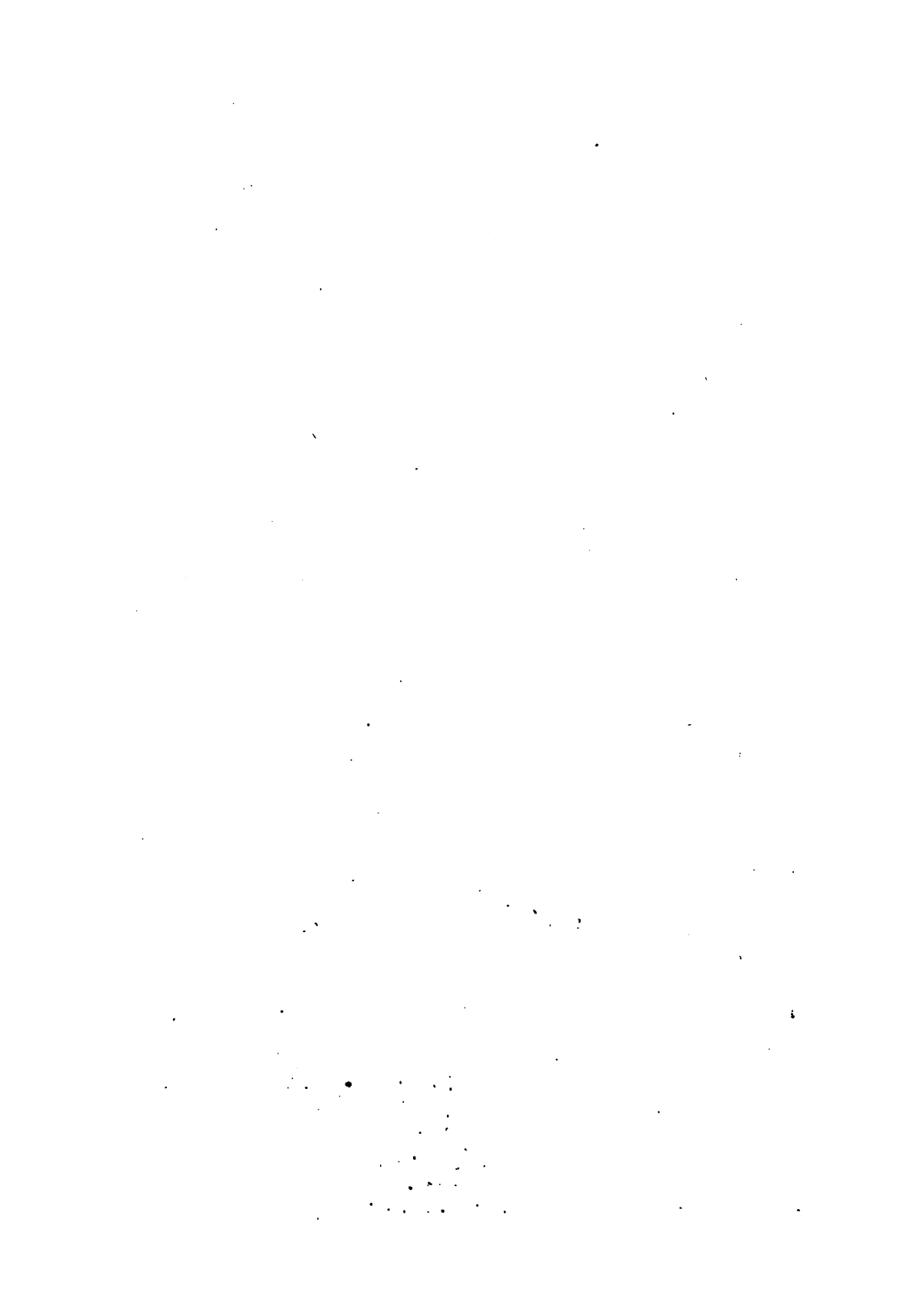
280. i. 334.

CONTENTS.

POEMS

	PAGE.
FOR EVER AND EVER	7
GONE LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DREAM... ..	9
FRAGMENT	11
THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LIFE	11
LINES	12
EXPECTATION, AND THE THING EXPECTED	14
THE LAST KISS	14
DOWN BY THE OLD GREY SEA	15
ODE TO LOVE	17
LOVE	17
AUTUMN LEAVES	18
LOVE	20
FALLING LEAVES	20
A LEGEND	21
WRITINGS	26
LOOKING BACK	27
ONE, AND ONE ONLY	29
FRAGMENT	29
ALONE	30
THE MUSE OF THOUGHT	32
ABSENT NEVER	33
NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE	34
IN MEMORIAM... ..	40
THE MOTHER AND HER SON	41
LITTLE FOOTSTEPS	46
A SOUVENIR OF THE SEA	47
TO HER	49

THE HAPPINESS OF LOVE AND BLISS IN MISERY...	50
THE SAILOR'S WIFE	51
THE BELLS	52
THE DREAM OF DEATH	54
UNDER THE MOONBEAMS	56
SWEETS	57
YES, THE AUTUMN LEAF HAS FALLEN	58
WATER LILIES	61
FAREWELL	63
A DAY DREAM	64
IN SANDOWN BAY	66
NEVER MORE...	67
ODE TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT	69
LOVE'S KISS	70
TO FRANCES	71
SIMILITUDES OF LIFE	72
TO MARY	73
FUTURE SUNBEAMS	74
WRITINGS	75
RETROSPECT	76
THE OLD CHURCH BELL	77
AN OLD STORY	78
FRAGMENT	86
LIFE...	88



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Poems.



P O E M S.

FOR EVER AND EVER.

WHAT is it that ever is beating,
A beat now loud and strong ;
Now soft as the hour that's fleeting,
But still and still goes on ?
Is it the beat of a troubled breast,
Or of one that's filled with love ;
Or from a heart that's sweet in rest,
Like the innocent peaceful dove ?

It is the beat of a faithful heart—
Of a heart that's full of a love
As pure as the song of the nightingale,
As soft as the coo of the dove.
'Tis a heart that beats for a maiden fair,
For a maiden blithe and gay,
For a heart of faith and constancy,
For a heart that's far away.

A heart that's not a heart in itself,
 A heart that's not its own ;
 A heart fast caught by the Cupid elf,
 'Twill be never again alone.
 Never again to be desolate ;
 Never again to be sad ;
 Never again alone with time,
 But for ever and ever glad.

I see it all over again, my love ;
 Ah ! every whit of the past ;
 Oh, what should we do, we mortals here,
 If memory did not last ?
 Was it to be ? The elf says " Yes."
 The doubting heart says " No."
 Oh, why did I dare to love you, darling,
 And why *do* I love you so ?

But for ever and for ever,
 As long as life hath breath ;
 As long as the ocean loudly roars,
 Till comes the angel Death,
 Shall I love my darling of long ago,
 My darling meek and lowly ;
 Ah ! greater still will always grow
 A love that's pure and holy !

GONE LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

SHE was coming, my darling, my love,—
 With what care I counted the minutes;
 And the birds sang sweet in the grove,
 Sweet and low was the song of the linnets,
 And the fields were standing with corn,
 And the wild flowers drooped with the bee;
 How brightly the sun shone that morn,
 When my first love was coming to me.

And my only love, she came,
 How happy she looked, my love;
 How bright was her dear little face,
 Ah! she looked as none other e'er can.
 And I felt what a treasure I 'd won,
 What a holy and good little thing;
 Her cheek, it blushed like the rose,
 And her laugh had a sweet merry ring.

And we roamed the country around,
 We were happy, we two, in our love,
 And we spoke of the future to come,
 And the sun shone brightly above.
 We dwelt amid beautiful scenes,
 By the diamond rippling river;
 Oh, God! how I long for the time
 When my love will be mine, mine for ever!

We walked o'er meadow and lea,
Through cornfields, and soft mossy glen,
We thought not of trouble, not we!
Our hearts were so happy just then.
Oh! may we soon see that day,
That bright and sweet happy morn;
May our love n'er be chastened away,
Or our happiness pierced by a thorn.

But at last came the day of good-bye;
Oh! where was the sun that had shone?
All darkened with cloud was the sky,
Like a beautiful dream it had gone.

But sorrow not, poor little heart,
Tho' it seems, and it is, hard to sever;
We shall not be for long thus apart,
We shall soon be together, for ever!

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LIFE.

FROM day to day, and year to year,
As onward wend the stages
Of man's natural existence,
There come the hours, when
Thorns seem most abundant;
But live on, my brother,
And find the pathway
To the everlasting rosary!

FRAGMENT.

FOR what is life
Where love is not?
A cold and barren waste,
To him that lives.

LINES.

YES, my love,—
As I sit on an old iron plough,
In the cooling shade of an elm,
And before me the golden corn
Is bending its lordly head
In the balmy breezes of summer,
Like the foaming billows,
That rise, and fall broken on the sands,—
I dream of thee!
While, on yonder hill,
Are many mothers and their babes,
Gleaning up the golden ears,
That scattered, lie among the stubble ;
And, o'erhead, the cloudless sky
Is like unto forget-me-not, and bright
As those dear eyes, thine eyes
That into mine in days gone by
So oft have gazed with loving tenderness.
Yes, my love, I 'm with thee now, alone ;
If not in compound mortal, in
The holier state, immortal heart and soul!
And my pipe is all alight, my love,
And the fumes of tinted smoke
Are curling round the branches of the tree
'Neath which I sit.

I'm still alone, my thoughts with thee;
 And the clock in the old church tower,
 That stands beneath me in yon vale
 Ticks on, and daylight slowly dies.
 My thoughts are still with thee, love,
 My pipe alight, and no one near.
 Before me in the mead, a stream
 Doth flow; and now and then a fish
 Jumps from out his natural state
 To catch a fly,
 That fearless, hovers just above.
 And the sun is rounding to the west;
 And the little neighbouring hills
 Are crownéd got, with golden fringe.
 My thoughts are still with thee, love,
 And my pipe is all alight.
 And now there comes wafted,
 In the balmy air, the outline of a song
 I used to sing in days of yore—
 A song you loved; and for aught I know,
 Love still. Ah me! that I could tell
 That love with which thou 'rt loved.

 The wind is rustling the leaves above me;
 The gleaners homeward gone;
 Day's fast waning into night;
 My spirit rests with thee, love;
 And my pipe's gone out!

EXPECTATION, AND THE THING EXPECTED.

Is it not right, then, that
 In this great mystery of mysteries,
 This universe, expectation
 Oft is greater far
 Than the object, or
 The time to which we look
 And with impatience wait ?

THE LAST KISS !

I KISSED her when we parted,
 The day was clear and bright;
 But *we* were heavy hearted,
 And our souls were dark as night;
 The day we parted.

I kissed her when we parted;
 I felt that I *must* die!
 We COULD NOT be light-hearted,
 T'was so *hard* to say " *Good-bye,*"
 The day we parted!

DOWN BY THE OLD GREY SEA.

Down by the old grey sea we wandered,
Over the shining sands,
And o'er Love's words we often pondered,
Obeying his commands.
On the shingle beach we sat together,
Our hearts beat happily,
And bright and shining was the weather,
Down by the old grey sea!

At even, when the sun was set,
And the moon was brightly clear,
I used to sit with her, my pet,
At the end of the wooden pier;
We used to sit and sing ofttimes,
The old song "Nancy Lee"—
Of the sailor who sailed to other climes;
Down by the old grey sea!

And oft as we sat on the wooden pier,
My little love and I,
We watched the wrinkled fishermen steer
Their barks as they sailed hard by.

Ah! those few days were happy days,
Most precious days to me;
With my darling and her loving ways,
Down by the old grey sea.

We bid adieu to our pleasant haunts,
Good-bye to the shining sands,
Farewell to the man at the bathing tents,
And parted with firm clasped hands.
In those dear eyes there rose a tear,
Oh! my love, how I worship thee!
But I 'll ne'er forget the wooden pier
And the darling old grey sea!

ODE TO LOVE.

LOVE is precious, love costs dear,
Many happy hours it yields,
And many a tear.

Love is joyful, love brings woe,
'Tis purer than the valley flowers
Or riven snow.

Love is mighty, love is strong,
It clasps the right, and, in the fight,
Abhors the wrong!



LOVE.

LOVE, bought, is an imaginary vision,
And worth nothing;
But true, faithful, heartfelt love,
Is the life of a man,
And binds all souls together.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

WHEN waning are the summer days,
With all their warm and winning ways,
And the tree, in silence, grieves
At the falling of its leaves,
Then take a lesson, passer by,
And do not fill the hours that fly
With empty leaves.

Nature speaks in every breath,
Tells us of the coming death,
Tells us, by her rippling river,
That we cannot live for ever;
Bids us turn from withering leaves,
And gather in the golden sheaves
For harvest time!

Nature speaks in every season,
And her words are built on reason;
She bids us plant "kind acts," "good deeds,"
Burn up the chaff, pluck up the weeds;
She bids us not to waste the time,
But try to make our lives sublime,
While yet 'tis day.

Nature bids us not to sorrow;
 But to sow, and on the morrow
 Reap the corn with golden ears,
 Laugh at doubts, abandon fears;
 But, if we do not sow good seeds,
 Burn up the chaff, pluck up the weeds,
 The fruit will not.

She tells us, by her spring, that life
 Is not *all* sorrow, not *all* strife;
 She tells us by her summer stay,
 That life has many a happy day;
 In autumn, and in winter snow,
 She teaches us her lessons too,
 Amid the leaves.

And when your life is well nigh through,
 Oh! how *glorious*, then, for *you*,
 If, on life's path, that you have trod,
 You have learnt the way to God!
 And may your past, in twilight grey,
 Shine, tinted with a golden ray,
 Like autumn leaves!

LOVE.

OF all the virtues
 Wherein this world both boast,
 Love shines the brightest;
 For in the *bliss of love*
 We find the heaven of our nature.

FALLING LEAVES.

ONE by one the autumn leaves,
 Seasoned fall and fade,
 And the tree now friendless grieves,
 In the twilight shade.
 One by one, the roses sweet,
 Once so bright in bloom,
 Fall as man, who faded dies,
 And sleeps beneath the tomb.
 One by one the hopes of youth,
 In their brightness gay,
 As the autumn leaflet falls
 They, too, pass away.
 So the heart, its cords of love,
 Fading to decay
 Dies like the fascinating dream,
 Dies at the opening day.

A LEGEND.

*Period: 16th Century.**Country: Scotland.**Place: Glamarti Castle.*

SCENE I.

Glamarti Castle.—Autumn.

HUSH, hush my sister darling !
 Why give up this gentle frame to sorrow
 For one whom thou know'st not to be dead?
 Courage, my sister! the cooling breeze
 Doth waft its perfumed breath
 Across the vale, and whispers
 Words of comfort in thine ear—
 He 'll be back before thou knowest love,
 And then ————— Hark !
 What sound is that?
 The garrison, on the turret of yon church,
 Sound an approach.
 ' Oh, Mary !' said the girl,

" I hear a muffled drum; I see—
 Look, Mary—look, 'tis a litter;
 A form; 'tis Wilfred, my own, my beloved.
 Oh! why have they killed you?
 My own darling.—Oh, gracious heaven!"

SCENE II.

The Woods of Glamarti.—Summer.

The sun is sinking in the west,
 The pale moon, scattering forth her silver seed
 Among the trees, and throwing
 Spectral shadows all around,
 The nightingale among the branches
 Warbling her simple lay,
 And Glamarti, a short time back
 The scene of hellish war, is now in peace.
 All is still. Glamarti fair
 Is like to what it was.—
 Sir Henry Rednor, who by his noble deeds
 Did win an honoured name, dying
 Left two daughters, the elder Mary,
 Kathleen the younger, with fair hair
 That hung in pretty ringlets.
 Two years had flown since
 That dreadful night when her beloved,

All bleeding, was brought home.
But Wilfred had defied
The deep-cut wound, and lives.
One morn, when strolling 'mong the trees,
He saw a form—a girl, gazing
On an old oak's bark that leanéd down
Across the mossy path, on which
Were two hearts cut, entwining.
Two hearts he 'd drawn long back,
Before the cry of war had marred
The peace of fair Glamarti.
He ventured near, then
Finding on the placid brow of her he loved
A troubled frown, spoke in whisper.
"Kathleen, my love, your look
Betokens one of sadness;
Tell me your heart, mine own ;
What is it brings that wrinkle to your brow,
To those dear eyes the tear?
Speak, mine own, my Kathleen,
Tell Wilfred what goes wrong!"
"Tell you the cause?" her look
Smote him well nigh to the ground ;
"Thou knowest well the cause of all my woe,
You, who led me on to think you loved me.
You who loved, and love another,
And who played your part so well,
That I—fool that I was—

Did not see your baseness. No!
 'Tis enough, your presence is
 To me most hateful and unwelcome.
 Leave me, and may your life
 Be with her most happy—
 She, my dearest foe.”
 He staggered, then clutched a branch
 To give himself support. Poor souls!
 “Kathleen, my first and only love,
 Hear me, mine own. 'Tis false.
 Hear me, for the sake of God.
 No, no! hear me for my sake—
 For yours, for both our sakes.
 It is not true, my Kathleen,
 You only do I love!” But she,
 Turning, slowly walked away;
 And Wilfred Percy sank down,
 Blessing her who wronged him,
 Upon the cold, damp moss,
 Beneath the tree
 Whose bark her lips had kissed!

SCENE III.

'Tis finished! A long train of mourners
 Are coming down the road
 That leads to the little kirk
 That stands above the castle.

Two souls have run their time,
Two bodies side by side are laid,
And the names upon a tablet just above—
“Wilfred and Kathleen.” So passed away
Two mortals from the world,
And for years the aged father,
In the little glen would sit
And tell his children
The sad legend of Glamarti!

WRITINGS.

LIFE is uncertain, and the body frail;
Then say not, "To-morrow will suffice"
For that that you can do to-day.

Put little trust in the world!
'Tis full of vanity;
Its component parts are rotten;
'Tis crammed up with
Selfishness, pride, prejudice,
Falsehood, vice, and wickedness;
Goodness, truth, loving-kindness,
Are mere traces on its dial.
Speak, think, and act *truly*,
And your day and night
Shall form a sweet contentment
And a beautiful repose!

LOOKING BACK!

IN a garden fair he walked—
 A garden beauteous with nature's flowers,
 Herbs, and noble trees;
 And walking, he stooped down
 And plucked a little bud
 To give to her, his fond heart's darling—
 Only a flower. But in that gift,
 A tale; one day to be outspoken.
 He sought his love; and to her
 Gave the little flower that
 Of its germinating stem he 'd robbed,
 And told her the gift to keep
 Until, childhood's days being passed,
 They would be players in that part of time,
 Where, to Nature's laws according,
 We're made one, by marriage.
 She took the gift, and o'er her face
 There spread a smile, mingled
 With a rosy blush—a smile of love.
 Then, leaning down, and on her brow
 Bequeathing one long kiss, he came away.
 Another morn he saw
 That in her dress his love had placed

A flower—a simple spray—in colour
Pure as snow, that on the heights
Of merry Switzerland glistens in the sun.
He asked the flower; she gave it:
Saying, she knew not
Why he so much craved the thing.
Till now, the story's told. The rest,
Time ever certain, must to us disclose.
Perchance two hearts bound fast
In one, the ending of a love
Whose root took growth beneath the petals
Of two little flowers!

ONE, AND ONE ONLY

ONE more look, my darling,
 On thy sweet face, my own,
 One more kiss from those dear lips,
 Only one!

One more look at those darling eyes,
 That shine brighter than the sun;
 Only a minute, my love,
 Only one!

One look, dearest, to cheer
 My poor sad life undone;
 Only a last good-bye, darling,
 Only one!

 FRAGMENT.

IN the course of our life
 There come the periods and things
 That seem well nigh too hard to bear;
 And one among the rest,
 Ingratitude!
 That, in its course,
 Leaves behind a stain!

ALONE.

AND my youngest son that went away,
 Oh, why did he go so soon?
 He went to seek his fortune, they say,
 And I am here alone.

His sister Jane lies stiff and cold
 Beneath the old yew tree;
 She passed away from grief, I'm told,
 Ah! she took no heed o' me.

I told her how 'twould be, poor thing—
 That man o' hers—the liar—
 He made the very hearthstones ring
 A talking round the fire.

He swore he loved but her, he did,
 But I knew it never were true;
 I remember well, now, when he said,
 "I'll be always good to you."

Poor Jane! she would na listen to me,
 But when it all were done,
 She came, a running, full o' glee;
 But now, poor girl, she's gone.

And my husband, he's gone too,
His were a peaceful death,
I was folded tight in his dear arms
When he took his last life breath.

"Farewell, my wife," he said,
"We'll meet again in heaven;"
Then he laid down his weary head—
He went at sixty-seven.

So I'm all alone. Ah! all alone,
And I feel that I must die.
God give thee grace, my bonny lad,
I'm a goin' away, good-bye.

THE MUSE OF THOUGHT.

BUT why should I,
Myself, consider of all men,
The worst off?
Have I not a work for earth;
Have not I to toil, and work out
A little paradise here; for
Who can tell what will be?
Have I not a heart,
That, if needed, can burn
With mighty fire? Am I nothing?
And cannot I, though feeble be the effort,
Do some little good to those around!
Oh! courage, faint and trembling spirit,
And if thou art not, of all men,
The best off, grumble not!
Neither murmur, oh thou flickering flame;
But, of thy lot, be contented!

ABSENT NEVER!

OH! my love, my little love,
 My joy, my life, my pride;
 What happiness it is to rove,
 And dream that you're my bride.
 'Tis not deceiving fancy, mine,
 That whispers you're my love;
 No! 'tis a love as real and true
 As the star that shines above.

'Tis not a passing fancy, love,
 Not like a flowing river,
 That ripples down the woodland glen,
 And then is gone for ever.
 'Tis not a whim of yesterday,
 This youthful dream, my love;
 'Tis mightier than the wild, wild sea,
 More gentle than the dove.

My only love, my little love,
 To search the world all through
 'Twere vain; more vain to rove
 To find a love like you.
 But if a time we do not see
 Shall come, our souls to sever,
 Then darling mine, you still will be
 My little love for ever!

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

IN a hamlet, well marked with country beauties
Its old time-honoured church
All ivy covered, with an avenue
Of elms that surrounded it,
In which the black crow built its nest
And hatched its young,
An old mansion, in the vale hard by,
Which had in its days, perhaps,
Seen festivity and pastime,—
In this quiet and solitary place
Dwelt two scions of two houses ;
One, a boy of seventeen summers—
Harold Bruce by name—
With honest face and open countenance ;
The other, a girl, Eva Temple,
In age, some days younger than the lad,
With hazel eye and golden hair,
That hung in careless tresses
Down her back.
Each one loved the other,
Each with equal love; and
On the summer's evenings,
When the nightingale chirruped in the trees

And the wild flowers closed their petals,
The two strolled down the little lane
That ran behind the ruins; and there
The heart of lad and girl
O'erflowing with inward passion,
Found them telling each their vows
Of youthful hopes and longings.
It chanced one Sunday morn,
When Harold roamed along
Toward the ivy covered church,
With Eva by his side, as bright
As the little snowdrop that
Rears its little head, then fades,
And lastly dies,
A heavy hand rested on the shoulder
Of the lad, and turning,
Harold saw a man, red faced,
And strong, with wrinkled brow,
His costume telling of the sea.
"My lad," said he, "I'm the Captain of a ship
That sails this time eight days for China;
I would that you,
If you have naught in hand
Accompany me, and by that
If working well, and keeping to the rules,
You might on your return
Be possessor of a little fortune
Wherewith to make a home

For that fair girl, who seems
Scarce willing to lose thy honest face.
What say thee, lad,
Dost thou feel inclined to
Brave the waves and see a foreign land;
And when returned, to tell this maid
What thou hast seen and done?
What say thee now?"
Harold turned his head, and
Looked full hard into that face
He so much loved to look upon.
"Eva!" said he, gently, "Shall I go?"
A little tear rolled down the maiden's cheek,
And then, as if her heart would break,
She turned away, and wept aloud.
"Sir!" said Harold Bruce, "I cannot go.
She is to me a sister, and since were babes,
And scarce could walk,
Have we been together. And now
That the love of ripening youth
Grows stronger every morn,
'Twould be the death of both of us to part.
I cannot leave her, sir!"
"Oh, say not so, my lad, in three years' time
You'll be home again, and you
And this fair girl
May cause the bells to ring as merrily
As ever rang a chime in little England.

You'll let him come?" he said,
 Turning his sunburnt face toward the girl.
 "Oh, sir?" said little Eva, "Harold going?
 Well I know that we shall never
 See the day for which we've so much longed,
 Never shall I look on his dear face again;
 But if it be for Harold's good,
 I do not say him nay."
 "Well spoken, lass, right well,"
 The seaman cried, "And now,
 Young man, what now?"
 "I cannot go, sir; I being gone,
 She would ne'er be happy more.
 I cannot go!" "Oh, say not so,
 My lad," the seaman cried.
 "Yes, Harold, dear," broke in the girl,
 "Go, and God be with thee,
 'Tis for your good,
 For the good of both of us; go, my love."
 The sailor captain scarce could speak,
 But turning, with his hard, rough hand,
 Wiped away a tear; for to him at times
 Came the tears of pity;
 And so he went. And soon
 Harold Bruce was sailing out of port,
 On board the "Warrior," bound for the China seas.
 And on deck, till the sail
 Dipped on the horizon, stood he,

Waving a last good-bye
 To little Eva, weeping on the port.

PART II.

Four short years slipped by, and
 The last week in merry June
 Found Harold Bruce once more
 In the little port from whence he sailed,
 Possessor of a fortune and high hopes.
 With hurried steps he treads the little street
 In which the house of Eva stood ;
 Approached the door, rang, and entered in.
 But why the house so melancholy ?
 Where was his darling ? Soon all was told.
 How she had passed away. Her peaceful end.
 Her blessing as she died. Poor soul !
 Whose life and hopes all in a moment
 Dashed on the cruel rocks of wretchedness.
 He rose, wished all " Good night," and went,—
 Went out into the street, walking slowly on
 Toward the sacred pile amid the elms, to
 Seek the grave of her, who, on that Sunday morn,
 Had spoke in truth ; too truly verified.
 'Twas night ! The moping owl

Watched on the ruined tower, and the silvery moon
Spread her peaceful mantle over all.
And on the sacred ground, God's ground,
Beneath the yew, was stretched a form ;
Harold Bruce was there, on the little marble slab
That marked the place where Eva rested.
But in that dark, sad hour
There came a sound from afar
Up in the star-lit clouds; sweet music
And harmonious voices singing
To their untuned harps—
“Not lost! Not lost! Not lost! But gone before.”

IN MEMORIAM.

BENEATH the mossy sod
He lies asleep,
Resting there, a clod,
Buried so deep.

Loved by all he met,
Both rich and poor;
Now his lips are set
He speaks no more.

His charity to all
They can't forget;
And still, in many a home,
They him regret.

And we who live must die :
We know the doom;
There's little time to waste
'Tween birth and tomb!

THE MOTHER AND HER SON

THE MOTHER :

THERE are many happy days, my son;
No, don't say nay just yet,
Thy life has scarce begun.

Kiss me now, my bonny lad;
Brave the world, be strong, be good,
And make thy mother glad.

Oh, fret thee not, my first, my pride;
Riches are not all—
Be patient, lad, and bide.

THE SON :

Mother, you cannot view my heart;
The pain, the dread,
The bitter smart.

You cannot tell the love I bear
For her I love—
My love, so rare!

You cannot see the bitter tear,
The heaving breast,
My mother dear.

The soul's deep sob you cannot hear;
You do not know,
For you 're not near.

You cannot see my nightly dreams;
My love, my wife,
For such it seems.

The daily trials you do not know;
The unkind words
That come and go.

Some, mother, some, have happy times;
But they are born
In other climes.

In sovereign wealth they pass their days;
But some are poor,
Aye, poor always;

Oh! is there one who rules o'er all,
And sees one rise,
Another fall?

Oh! is there one who reigns above,
 And sees cruel wrong
 Surmount kind love?

Oh! mother darling, is it so,
 That wrong brings power,
 And goodness woe?

THE MOTHER :

My darling boy, you 're good, you 're kind;
 But some are deaf,
 And some are blind.

They who are deaf, my bonny son,
 Are crippled men
 With lives undone.

They who are blind, my son, I say,
 Are foolish men,
 They see no way.

But some have sense, and though they're poor,
 The sun doth shine
 Around the door.

The merry laugh, the children's song,
 Echoes sweet, and soft,
 And long.

Ah! selfish is the world, my dear;
But do thou right,
And never fear!

My bonny lad, you say she's fair,
Your little love,
With silken hair.

My dearest son, my loving boy,
I wish thee well,
And her, thy joy.

Tell her, my lad—that's when I'm dead—
Of your mother dear,
And her silvery head.

Tell her, I loved her for your sake—
How I wish I could see
Your wedding cake.

Tell her, lad, to live well and true,
For your sake, and hers,
And your darlings too.

Tell her, my boy, that by living well,
She'll gain a rest
Of peace, your Nell.

Tell her, my son, that by living true,
A lesson she'll teach
To her children too.

And now, my boy, go to her and say,
"My mother loves you,
But cannot stay.

For Nell, my own, her glass is run,
And her life
Is like to the setting sun."

My only son, good-bye, farewell,
I can see you now,
With your own little Nell.

I can see her darling face so glad;
And I'm keeping you from her,
Ah! lad, it's too bad.

But my breath is weak, my eye is dim,
And Willie is waiting;
I'm going to him,

So now, my boy, once more farewell,
My blessing on yours,
My love to your Nell.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS

LITTLE footsteps sweetly falling,
In the distance, on the grass;
Gently treading down the daisy,
As they come and quickly pass.
Little footsteps softly falling
By the grave of some dear friend,
Little thoughts deeply pondering,
On that peaceful, happy end.
Little footsteps in the garret,
Telling each a world of woe;
Little footsteps in the twilight,
Making music as they go.
Little footsteps pressing onwards,
To truth, perfection's crest; (voices shouting)
"We have done our little,
And are amply blest!"

A SOUVENIR OF THE SEA.

UPON the pier they used to sit,
The youth would watch the maiden knit,
As the waves came rolling toward the shore,
Singing their song—"For Evermore!"

And when the eventide was low,
To the wooden pier they oft would go;
And sit and dream of the days to come,
The dear bright days of a happy home!

For they were lovers, this youthful pair,
And Love went with them everywhere,
Touching their hearts with his gentle power,
Making this life one golden hour.

Together in soul this youth and maid,
Sitting in the moonlight shade,
Looking down on the beautiful river,
Whose ripples will come and go for ever.

And I think I hear the marriage bell,
That a future morn to the world shall tell.
Oh! haste thee, then, thrice happy day,
And chase their anxious fears away.

And as thou didst by the wild sea shore,
Be with them, Love, for evermore,
So that these souls in sweetness given,
United shall be heirs of heaven!

TO HER.

ABSENT, yet ever near,
All the world over;
Dearest, to me most dear,
A guardian rover.
Best of all here below,
Angel of love;
Better she cannot grow,
My gentle dove.
Fan, my own darling,
For you I live;
To you alone, my sweet,
My love I give.
Yes, for ever my own,
For ever and aye;
A love never failing,
But constant alway!

THE HAPPINESS OF LOVE AND BLISS IN MISERY.

AND round about her form
Was thrown a mantle of simplicity,
Held by her ideality of soul,
Her lover-god !
As o'er the fiery gulf,
They coursed unceasing; and,
In the peaceful peace of mighty love,
Onward floated they, through clouds
Of sulphuretted smoke,
And everlasting flames of misery.
Her pretty arms, all nude and loving,
Twining round about his neck;
Her hair, floating in the space
Through which they passed,
Her eyes gazing upward into his,
And finding there—her all;
Herself was satisfied and pleased !
Thus she clung to him—
To him, her love, her darling!
Such was her love, for one
Who in the light was damned.
Such was her bliss in misery!
Damned, to the tortures of the damned.
Her soul! a never fading love,
Herself! with him for ever,
And thro' day and night unceasing,
Dreaming in everlasting Hell!

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

I SEE her coming now along the street—
 The little Holland girl, so prim, so neat,
 I see her gentle form, her graceful bow,
 As though she were before me even now.
 Her angel form, whispering in the wind,
 Her college bag with beaver fur was lined;
 Those days, my mates, I'll ne'er forget,
 With my pretty little Henriette!

Her lovely hair in careless tresses lay
 Around her pretty face, as bright as day;
 And if folks saw her tripping on the grass,
 They'd say, "Look at the pretty little lass."
 I call to mind when to school she went,
 And how she many a sly glance sent;
 Ah! mates, she was lovelier than the violette,
 My darling little Henriette!

But now that we by sea divided be,
 And I, love, can but look back to thee,
 Fair maid, so innocent and true,
 Think of me, as I'm wont of you;
 Farewell, my love, farewell!
 And when the foaming billows sound a swell,
 I'll list for thee, sweet mignonette;
 Once more, farewell!

Adieu my Henriette.

THE BELLS.

MERRILY chime the bells,
The ringers they pull with a will,
But I am in my old arm chair,
And all around is still,
Save the chiming of the bells.

Full merrily they sound
On the stillness of the night;
What voice is that I heard just then,
What form is that in white?
And the bells go chiming on.

How cold it is, and the wind it howls,
And whistles around the place;
What's that? Yes, there I see it again,
That form, and that dear face.
And the bells go chiming on.

But it cannot be, I'm here alone,
And sitting in my chair;
And my pipe's alight, and the fire's bright,
And to-morrow's the cattle fair;
And still the bells ring on.

But what is that crowd of people there,
 What is it they're waiting to see?
 How thirsty I am. I'll call the girl,
 To get me a cup of tea.
 And the bells go chiming on.


But no! It has not run an hour
 Since supper was ta'en away.
 Ah! me! what a number of people there are,
 And oh! what a glorious day:
 And how merrily chime the bells.

But am I dreaming, or am I mad?
 She's coming away, I see;
 And who is he she's talking to?
 But no—it cannot be:
 Still louder ring the bells.

Ah! yes, 'tis she! I see it all now—
 And the man. Ah! yes, I'm he.
 Surely I must have been asleep,
 For 'tis getting on for three!
 And the bells, I hear them not.

INTERPRETATION.

Ah! love, 'twas you I was dreaming of,
 And the time was our wedding day;
 And you were in white, and the day was bright,
 And the bells were ringing away:
 But 'twas only a dream!



THE DREAM OF DEATH.

HE sat him down on the cold, cold ground,
On a mount in good Tell's land,
The frozen snow was all around,
Like shores of ocean sand.
His visage wan, his cheeks all pale,
And weary, careworn eye;
He thought not of the storm and hail
That fell thick from the sky.
He sat and mused, then mused again,
His head beneath his hood;
His breast did heave with silent pain,
The traveller had no food.
He cried aloud of a maiden fair,
Now on another theme;
And the falling snow in the sad, still air
Whispered, "He's in a dream."
He raved aloud of a bygone love,
And his wild, thin face was sad;
He called her his own, his guiding dove,
And his weary face grew glad.
He laid him down on the frozen snow,
His strength was failing fast;

He blessed his love of long ago,
And the blessing was his last.
The wind it howled in mourning low,
For the life that now had gone;
And a voice sang out from the falling snow,
“Dream on, fond youth, dream on!”

UNDER THE MOONBEAMS.

WATCHING and thinking,
Oh, beautiful isle,
Under the moonbeams
Of that precious smile;
Oh! God, how sweet it seems
Bathed in the moonbeams!

Patiently waiting,
Oh beautiful isle,
Down by the old grey sea;
Looking the while
For those dear darling eyes
That I so dearly prize!

Listening and listening,
Oh beautiful isle,
For that heavenly voice,
True as the sun dial;
Her voice, how sweet it sounds,
And with what grace abounds!

Dreaming and dreaming,
 Oh, beautiful isle,
 So soft 'neath the moonbeams
 Of that loving smile;
 Oh, isle! how pure it seems
 Clothed with the moonbeams!

SWEETS!

'Tis sweet to rest in unconventional bliss
 And listen to the cooings of the dove ;
 'Tis sweet to sip the tender loving kiss,
 The honey from a woman's heart of love.
 Sweet 'tis to lie entranced, and dream
 Sweet dreams of ever constant wife ;
 Sweet, too, to watch the cradle-smile
 New from a little baby life.
 'Tis sweet to fondle with a maiden's hair,
 To gaze into her eyes, and there to see,
 While round your neck she twines her arms so fair,
 The fiercer passion of growing ecstasy ;
 Sweet between the pantings of her breath
 To catch the fragrant beauty of life's melody—
 To hear her whisper in your ear, " Till death,
 The world is only made for thee and me !"

YES, THE AUTUMN LEAF HAS FALLEN.

A FRAGMENT.

THE autumn leaf is almost dead,
How lifeless the trees have grown,
And I am weary, my little love,
So weary of being alone.
So tired, my own, of unkind words,
So tired of the world's false tongue,
Oh why is the world so cruel, my love,
So cruel to those who are young?

Ah! where are my merry boyish ways
That you spoke of to me in your letter,
Are they gone from me for evermore?
Perhaps, my love, it is better.
And, my own, I am all alone you see,
No mother's kiss is nigh;
I hear no friendly voices now,
Or the sympathetic sigh!

And maybe it is better so,
Best for me, for I'm strong;
I can wipe away the bitter tears
With a joke, a smile, a song!

And I can see your face in my dreams, dear life,
 It is bright, and loving, and kind,
 My angel and my only love,
 My earth and heaven combined!

I remember when a little boy
 How I played when the days were warm,
 And sang my songs in the sunny days—
 Days that had no storm.
 And we used to stroll across the fields,
 My father, mother, and I;
 But all that time is over now,
 For all that lives must die!

Poor father, how well I remember his words,
 When he said to them, "This is my boy!"
 And when at school, and he came at times,
 How I welcomed his face with joy.
 But these are hours of the past, my love,
 Daylights buried for ever,
 For the stream of life is flowing fast
 To join the larger river!

And opinions change with the flowing tide,
 And religions pass away,
 But the vacancies fill, for the world is wide,
 And they live for a little day.

So one day comes, another goes,
For the dawns in a week are seven;
And kindness and love are sweet, my girl,
The beautiful songs of Heaven!

As nature wakens from her sleep,
And fills the earth with paradisaal flowers
Of perfume sweet; so
Pass away the souls of men
To rest in peace eternal.

WATER LILIES.

I.

'Twas a summer's eventide,
 When they strolled along the stream,
 'Twas only Love's young dream;
 Youth and maiden side by side,
 The water lilies looked and smiled!

'Twas a summer's eventide,
 But two years later on in time
 They'd felt the cold of winter rime;
 Youth and maiden side by side,
 The water lilies looked and smiled!

'Twas a summer's eventide,
 How sweetly sang the nightingale,
 Beside the stream and down the vale;
 Youth and maiden side by side,
 The water lilies looked and smiled!

II.

The flame of love is pure and bright, and when to
 youthful life 'tis given
 It sheds a calm of tenderness, the glory and the light
 of heaven.
 Love is such pain, the lilies say, but love is beautiful
 alway!

II .

'Twas a summer's eventide
When they strolled along the river,
Soon to part for aye and ever;
Youth and maiden side by side,
The water lilies looked and smiled!

'Twas an autumn eventide.
" Good-bye, dear love, it may not be;
Go, forget, and I'll love thee,
Tho' by thee I may not abide!"
The water lilies drooped and sighed.

'Twas a winter's eventide,
Cold and chill beside the river,
Their lips had met last time, for ever
The maiden neither spoke nor sighed,
But the lilies drooping, wept and died!

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL is part of life,
Truth is life's bright star;
They're noblest in the strife
Whose good deeds shine afar.

Reason, friends, is great,
But greater still is love;
A deadly sin is hate,
Kind words are like the dove.

Our days to us are given,
Not to waste in riot will;
But to rise to heaven—yes,
And nearer heaven still.

Then let us sow good deeds,
With love our ideality;
Reason and truth the seeds
Flowers of immortality!

A DAY DREAM

ONLY two short years ago, dear,
If the ears be full again;
Only two short years ago, dear—
Partly pleasure, partly pain.
For the minutes into hours run,
And the hours fast fleet away;
The billows ever go rocking on,
And to-morrow is yesterday.

Two short years, my love, my pride,
Two short years of pain and pleasure,
Since we strolled along the sands,
You and I and Love together.
What cared we for the sky above,
Or for the billows' foaming breast?
Our hearts were filled with burning love,
We were content, happy, at rest!

Over the dear old sands, my darling,
Beside the sea with firm clasped hands,
Love in our hearts so deep, so true, dear,
As we roamed, we two, o'er the old wet sands;

And I remember well, my queen,
As we sat at the end of the wooden pier,
How we watched the tide come rolling in,
When the night was fair, and the stars were clear.

Once more roving that beautiful shore,
O'er the dear old sands we loved so well;
Once more treading that wooden pier,
Once more hearing the coastguard bell.
You, not I, my darling girl,
We are not masters of our will;
But though you roam the sands alone,
In the spirit, my own, I 'm with you still.

So do not sorrow, or let a tear,
Mar the pleasure of an hour;
For though, my love, I am not there,
Yet life for us is not all shower;
And let us trust that time and tide
Will soon our dearest wish impart;
And you for ever by my side,
My life! My guide! My dearest heart!

IN SANDOWN BAY

ROAMING over the old wet sands
Yellow sands;
Patter they go, my own, my sweet,
The pattering clatter of little feet
Over the sands.

Over the sands in the new sunlight,
Glorious sands,
Dreaming of deeds eternally bright,
Lighting our path and guiding aright;
Golden sands!

Roaming along the old sea shore,
Darling shore;
Where crested billows break and roar,
Then pass away to return no more
To the beautiful shore!

NEVER MORE!


NEVER more shall we rejoice
In that little merry voice,
 Never more!

Never see that little face,
With its love, its charm, and grace,
 Never more!

Never hear her footstep fall,
Pattering lightly in the hall,
 Never more!

Never see those eyes so bright,
Never say to her, "Good night,"
 Never more!

Our little Maud has passed away,
Gone from out our sight for aye,
 To sleep in peace.



But no, not lost, not gone for ever!
Only gone across the river,
For a little while.

Oh! how blissful and how sweet
Once again our lost to greet,
And part no more!

Yes, let us hope, there will a day
When we shall rest with them for aye,
With those we love!

ODE TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

OH Fairyland of flowers,
Of Paradisal bowers,
Most lovely isle;
Thou, whereon Nature shines,
And where the ocean brines
So softly smile.
Where, by the slipping of the land,
Thou art a picture all in all,
With ivy clinging to the wayside wall.
Old Bonchurch, too, its silent pool,
Whereon doth sit the lordly swan,
Gazing at the passer by,
Smiling at the wisest eye,
Scorning the fool!



LOVE'S KISS.

Do you know, you autumn leaves,
Can you tell me golden sheaves,
 What's heaven's bliss?
'Tis written on two rosy lips,
'Tis in the pure and holy sips
 Of Love's sweet kiss!

Do you know, you rippling streams,
Can you tell me what love deems
 A heavenly rest?
I'll answer for you; it is this,
To share the love that by a kiss
 Binds breast to breast!

TO FRANCES.

ALL the holy love you know so well, dear,
The deepest love my lips have ever spoken;
The truest love my acts have oft revealed;
The hopeful love my pen hath daily written,
Is of itself immortal and divine;
But deeper still, my own,
The love you yet shall know!



HAPPY hours and scenes, like forms and
Fashions, pass from our sight as doth
The dream at the dawning of day.



SIMILITUDES OF LIFE.

“MUSIC hath its charms,”
So hath life!
Night contains alarms,
So doth life!
The mariner hath hope,
So hath life!
Perils hath he to cope,
So hath life!
Evening, rest doth lend
From earthly strife.
Daylight hath its end,
So hath life!

TO MARY

As the moments fly,
And the hours go by,
Oh! may each succeeding day
Bring to thee a fairer ray;
May the trouble and the strife
Be sweet music to your life

In after years.

'Tis not all a weary pain,
For sunshine follows after rain;
Not bitter tears, not doubts, not fears!
And Mary, this believe of me,
You have my deepest sympathy!

FUTURE SUNBEAMS :

I SEE the little children at the open door,
Listening intent to the birds' melodious voice,
I hear their admiration on the wild sea shore,
And seeing and hearing, I rejoice.

I see them growing, as the days pass by,
In wisdom and in truth and right ;
Vain superstition dares not venture nigh,
Their minds are filled with reason's dazzling light.

I see them praising all that's good and fair
In the sweet Eden that around us lies ;
Proud priests and dogmas never enter there,
In the garden that they so much prize.


Immoderate and excessive thought
No more shall breathe in this luxurious earth ;
This heaven divine that man hath bought
With jewels implanted in his birth.

Oh ! Paradise on earth ! great powers that be !
Cast o'er this old hysteric world a truth divine,
That all may live in one fraternity,
And love immaculate for ever shine.

WRITINGS

“TIME hastens on ; and each eve
Finds us nearer to the grave
Then waste not, but turn to good account
Time’s precious moments.”

“ As fools are known by their actions,
So are wise men by theirs.”



RETROSPECT.

WHEN the days were long and the birds sang out
 Their lay in shady grove,
 We roamed together along the meads
 Speaking of constant love.
 The world was nothing then to us,
 Its cares and trials unknown ;
 Ah ! I often sit and dream of the past,
 And the days for ever gone.

The moments fled, and the clock of Time
 Ticked on, till the years fled too ;
 The dear old lanes were the same as of old,
 The flowers bore the self-same hue ;
 And we walked the same old paths again,
 And the hare-bell plucked together,
 And no dark cloud rose o'er our heads—
 All round was sunny weather.

Yes ! our hearts were bound by the cord of love,
 And nought could our souls e'er sever,
 For the love of youth had mightier grown
 To a lasting love for ever.
 And the bells rang out a merry peal,
 And the nightingale its song ;
 Ah ! I oft look back to that happy time,
 The time when the days were long.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL !

YES, 'tis the ring of the old church bell,
From the village church on the hill ;
It rang three hundred years ago,
And it rings right merrily still.
It sounds so soft across the dale,
For marriage it sometimes rings,
And oft it tells a mournful tale,
And sorrow and sadness brings.
But it rang last night a merry peal,
And the wild owl shrieked with fear ;
It heralded forth to the neighbouring wolds,
The birth of another year.



AN OLD STORY.

“Only a lock of hair!” And then
He sighed; and I saw the large bright tears
Beneath his sepian lashes.
Yes, I saw him there, as I stood
Crouched in the shadow
So that he might not see.
How handsome he was, but worn,
For he owned a heart of sadness,
Though few of them knew it;
But I knew it—for, being with him,
I saw more than the rest of them,
And seeing, pitied him.
So, on this evening, I sorrowed,
Knowing his great grief!
All at once he rose, and
Taking the little lighted lamp,
Moved to a recess, where hung a picture.—
“My little darling,” I heard him say;
And there he stood, gazing at the face
That hung in miniature upon the wall.

'Twas a pretty spot, the place
 Wherein he dwelt : woodlands,
 And pasture lands ; and near his cottage
 A little brooklet ran, and flowing,
 Passed through a mossy glen
 Chattering, as it rippled o'er the stones,
 Saying—" Pity him, have pity, he is sad !"
 And the robin too, as every morn
 It hopped up to the door to peck the crumbs—
 For Walter was a kind and thoughtful soul—
 Turned a frowning gesture to its fellows
 If amongst them a noisy quibble rose,
 That silenced their little angry throats!
 So everything about the place, seemed
 To mourn and sympathise with Walter.
 But 'tis an old story—Walter was an orphan,
 And little fair haired Marion was his world!
 It chanced this way—When the days
 Were bright, for 'twas the spring time of the year,
 They met—Walter and Marion.
 "Two babes, scarcely fledged,"
 So the villagers would say, and laugh
 At the angry looks of Walter.
 Night saw the greeting and the holy kiss,
 The twinkling stars bore witness
 To his soul's best words. So they met, I say;
 But 'tis so old a story, and each loved each.
 Now, Walter, brave as well as kind,

And loving his country as his life,
Enlisted—for war was rumoured !
The Captain of his corps, a man
Of sterner will, spoke well of him;
And so the days passed by, and Walter
Loving Marion, was a soldier of the Isles.
Ah yes! I knew him well, and knowing him,
Was proud. I took to him, and
Ere a week had passed, I too enlisted,
Not wishing to lose him from my sight.
Slowly the days went on; and then,—
Dear God!—it came; striking woe
To many a mother's breast and maiden's heart!
War was upon us, and we had to go.
The last night, the eve before we went,
Walter, in his soldier uniform,
Passed down the little street, before my door ;
I would have spoken, but
Guessing rightly whereunto he went,
Said nothing; and quickly as he came,
As quickly was he lost, in shadow.
A little further down the rustic lane
The house of Marion stood,
Standing back a distance from the road.
At the ending of the little path
That ran down to the house,
A wicket gate, with rusty latch
Formed entrance. Here it was they met,

Two hearts ; but it is an old story.
A little lad with curly golden locks,
The first-born of a villager hard by,
Caught glimpse of them ; and, childlike,
Stopped, and overhearing, came
And told me all. That love
Had sole dominion, well I knew ;
But what of that, since love
Is heaven itself ? So they met,
And talked, and hoped ; castles
Sprung up at will, whilst they,
Dwelling upon each other's lips,
Sipped the sweet nectar of their love !
Then, as the village clock
Struck forth the hour of night,
The cottage door, opening, creaked
Upon its hinges, and a voice,
The voice of Marion's father,
Broke in twain the silvery air—
" Marion, girl, come in, 'tis late,
And to-morrow, I must breakfast with the dawn ;
The air is chilly, too, come in my child."
Then once again the old door, creaking,
Closed upon his seventy years,
And left them standing at the gate.
" Marion, love, be brave, and bide my coming,
For, darling, I will come !" He said no more
She, sobbing in his arms, spoke not.

So there they stood and wept, and hoped, and loved !
The little lad, who wore the golden locks,
Crept closer, so he said, and heard
The whispered vows and falling tears.
But they must part, and Walter, knowing this,
Well nerved himself, drawing her, his love,
Closer to his breast, kissed her on the eyes,
Saying, " Begone you idle tears," then turning,
Bade his love " Farewell," with one last kiss.
The curly golden locks moved not,
Waiting anxious for the end—it came ;
Footsteps stole up the garden path,
The cottage door opening, was closed,
A sad low sob, a little down the lane,
And all was still !
But 'tis only an old story after all ;
Sad it may be, but still 'tis old.
Well, we went ; we fought like lions,
And won the day, so they said,
And Walter lay sickening unto death.
I saw him fall, and seeing, shot the brute
Who grinned, like any devil, at his deed.
In later time we homeward came,
And Walter, who had now regained his strength,
Sought Marion, and as he journeyed,
Pressed a golden ringlet to his lips !
Oh, dear ! 'tis a weary and sad tale,
But 'twill interest you, and 'tis so old !

—Next morn, the one that followed
 Our return, I went, limping down the lane,
 For I had scarce o'ercome a sabre cut,
 That well nigh severed bone as well as flesh,
 To call, and see how it fared with Walter.
 Can memory ever forget
 The look, that struck my senses dumb?
 He came and took me by the hand,
 I trembling like the aspen, for I feared.
 "Would to heaven I had died," he said;
 And then he turned, crying like a babe;
 I ventured near, trying to comfort him,
 Better had I left him with his grief,
 But then, you see, I had a love for Walter.
 Wondering, I waited, looking at him.
 Rising, he neared me, and stared me in the eyes,
 Oh God! that look. He spoke at last,
 His voice sounding like a hollow drum.
 Yes, 'tis an old story—Marion was dead.
 He stood before me, moving not an inch,
 But staring at me, like one
 Endeavouring to overrule the truth.
 Then suddenly, muttering, in his agony,
 A something that I could not hear,
 Fell, and lay as one in death!

* * * * *



Many weeks have come and gone,
And I am watching constantly
Beside my only friend, my dearest friend ;
Walter is mad ! The battle was too strong !
And now his sense is dark ;
So I sit and watch him—and
His Marion's face looks down upon him
From out a gilded frame upon the wall.
There sits Walter, arguing with death ;
Ever and again he murmurs
“ Why did you take her, Sir ? ” and then
Himself answers, as though *he*
Were the lifeless solace of life !
“ Why ask you that ? Is it not mine
To take the things that I choose,
And may I not touch a golden head
As well as a withered tree ? ”
And so I watch by Walter,
Watch him by night and day.
He, wandering to and fro, presses
The golden hair, her hair, unto his mouth ;
Then stands before her picture,
And beckoning to me, shouts “ Look ! ”
Then gazing, laughs, that awful maddened laugh,
That I'll never forget till I die.
I watch by him day and night,
As I said, and I wait and long for the end ;
Ah yes ! I wait and watch for the end,

For it cannot last much more!
And there he sits, my poor Walter,
Ever talking to the lock of hair,
And Marion, not knowing, is at rest!
—This is my story, but 'tis old, you know,
So very old, they say. And outside
The night wind whispers low to the moon,
“Yes, 'tis very old, so old, but ever new!”

FRAGMENT.

OH, world ! beautiful, mysterious world,
 Fair empire of humanity,
 In which man lives his little span
 Of natural strength, tilling the soil, and,
 Lastly, lying beneath the path whereon he trod.—
 Sweet earth ! where human hearts
 Dance madly with enchanted joy,
 Where maidens give the honeyed kiss
 That adds to life's enjoyment and its bliss.—
 Pure air ! on whose balmy essence
 The golden bee flits from flower to flower
 Sipping the balmier sweets that lie therein.—
 Majestic sea ! whereon the good ship
 Tosses to and fro ; now reeling
 'Gainst the billows broad and strong,
 Now sailing with a breeze as soft
 As the gentle breathings of an infant babe !—
 Ye men and women of the living world,
 Come forth to-day to greet the sunlit dawn !
 Loud let the silver trumpets sound the praise

Of such magnificence; and let your voices
Thankfully proclaim your gratitude
For this stupendous dwelling of all life:—
Earth ! Sea ! and Air ! Great combination
Of wisdom, grace, and majesty supreme,
Governed by the mighty power of Love !



LIFE.

LIKE unto a still small voice

Soft pillowed on the balmy air :

Like to a weary traveller

O'erpressed with fear and hope that's fair ;

Like more unto the shining clouds,

The great black clouds, that, tinged with blue,

Sail through the darkness with their shrouds,

Till in the dawn they wear a golden hue ;

Like unto the billow-foaming sea,

Whose waves sigh forth in salt but silvery tears,

The deepest truths that in humanity

Lie hidden in the centuries of years ;

Like unto the echoes of a lovely song,

Or happy hours that smiled in bygone days,

Hours that our memory would still prolong,

Crowned with beauty's dazzling rays ;

Like unto the warrior in the field,

Weary in the cruel raging strife,

Drooping beneath his battle-battered shield,

Such is the passing of this life !

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3



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